

The One

The man was out for a walk when he noticed her bathing in the sun,
the man had had Mustangs before, he remembered them every one.

He had heard about her from the local restaurant's round table,
a place where men gathered each morning to tell lies and fable.

There were tales of love, rumors of scandal,
and warnings she was more than any man could handle.

He thought most were designed to deceive,
he did not know, how much to believe.

Now she was neglected, her life was unfulfilling,
but nothing kind words, a tune-up and body work could not fix – if she were willing.

This was no project for the inexperienced; she was wild and frisk,
no rookie, dare, risk this.

The man sought advice from friends who all said the same,
“Don't get involved; you will end up with bruised knuckles, a broken heart, and no
one else to blame.”

Not advice he wanted to hear, he brushed off the dismay,
lust can lead a man to think that way.

Late one summer afternoon, dressed with a nervous smile,
he found the courage to stop for awhile.

He stuttered and stammered and kicked at the dirt,
like a school boy just learning to flirt.

She was 20 years his junior, just barely old enough to be classy,
he stumbled for the words to ask her out – captivated by her cherry chassis.

This generation was his favorite body style, but it was her shape and size,
that caught his eyes.

She had contours that made most men stop and stare,
other models could not compare.

He was filling with desire,
oh... how he *longed* to “kick the tires.”

The rear end was his preference he thought, as he whispered her name,
pressing against her handles as he caressed her topless frame.

He had to be smooth and caring; she’d been down this road before,
he knew this was as much for her, as it was for him, as he unfasten the door.

The man could sense her hunger for adventure as he tempted her to fly,
she hesitated at first with a moaning sigh.

She was shy to start, her body hard as metal,
but she encouraged him, with each pressing of the petal.

Accepting his presence with a spark from the coil,
she purred, as he coached her with words... to a feverish boil.

He took control with all the confidence that only *experience* could bring,
inside he was shaking and scared like a young man with a ring.

Some say taming a Mustang is much like fine tuning a guitar,
each requires a skill - as unique *as they are*.

It was awkward at first, each of them fumbling as they shifted through different speeds,
he was becoming confident he could fulfill her needs.

He could taste her losing her discretion, as he grasped second gear,
the sounds of an eager girl, as she laid down stereo-tracks, and drifted in the rear.

They soon found the rhythm of synchronicity - of which so many seek,
her audible tones encouraged him to see what she could do - “knock off the rust” - so-to-speak.

With the change in her pitch she knew how to entice with a tease,
her youthful overdrive crested each peak with torrential ease.

She was ripe to respond, as he made his way through dangerous curves, over hills and through each valley.
how many times he lost track of the tally.

He knew not the hour for it was lost in the flight,
but he knew for all of time, she would remember this night.

It was an erotic journey, but their final destination, they both had arrived, as they embraced each other in a clutch,
he could not remember a Mustang that had moved him this much.

Her distinct fragrance was now etched into his mind,
he would know her, even if he was blind.

The cool summer breeze caressed over their warm bodies as they both lay in silent exhaustion,
words... would have been... an unwanted interruption.

The man had had Mustangs before, and he loved them every one,
each one was as unique as the next, but surely... this was “*the one*”.